The Southrons'

CHAUNT of DEFIANCE

"You can never win us back
Never! Never!
Though we perish on the track
Of your endeavor"

Song or Quartette

Written by a Lady of Kentucky.

Music by

A. E. Blackmar.

AUTHOR OF "GOD & OURRIGHTS."

3½

W. H. Leeson No.

NEW ORLEANS.

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Southrons'

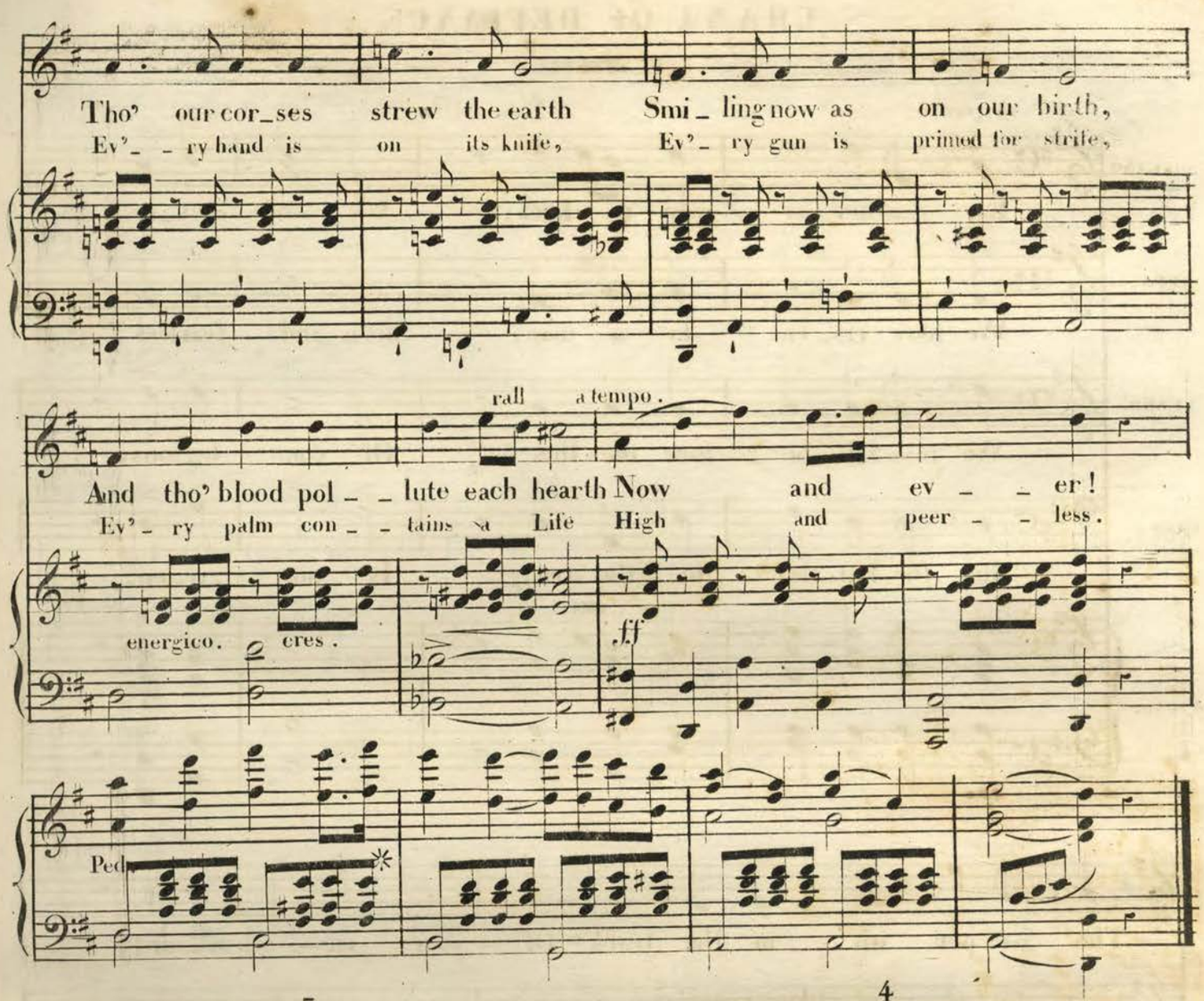
CHAUNT of DEFIANCE

BY

A.E.Blackmar.

PIANO.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
V.1. You can nev _ er win us back; Nev _ er! Nev _ er!
V.2. We have ris _ _ en to a man, Stern and fear _ less;
Tho' we per _ ish in the track of your en _ _ deavor;
Of your cur _ ses, of your ban, We are care _ less.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861 by A.E.BLACKMAR & Bro. in the Cl.Off. of the D.C of the C.S. for the D. of L.
58.


Tho' our cor_ses strew the earth Smi_ling now as on our birth,
Ev'_ _ry hand is on its knife, Ev'_ ry gun is primed for strife,
rall a tempo.
And tho' blood pol_ _lute each hearth Now and ev_ _er!
Ev'_ ry palm con_ _tains a Life High and peer_ _less.
energico. cres.
ff
Ped

5

You have no such blood as ours
For the shedding;
In the veins of Cavaliers
Was its heading!
You have no such stately men
In your abolition den
Marching on through foe and fen,
Nothing dreading!

4

We may fall before the fire
Of your legions,
Paid with gold for murderous hire,
Bought allegiance;
But for every drop you shed,
You shall have a mound of dead,
So that vultures may be fed
In our regions!

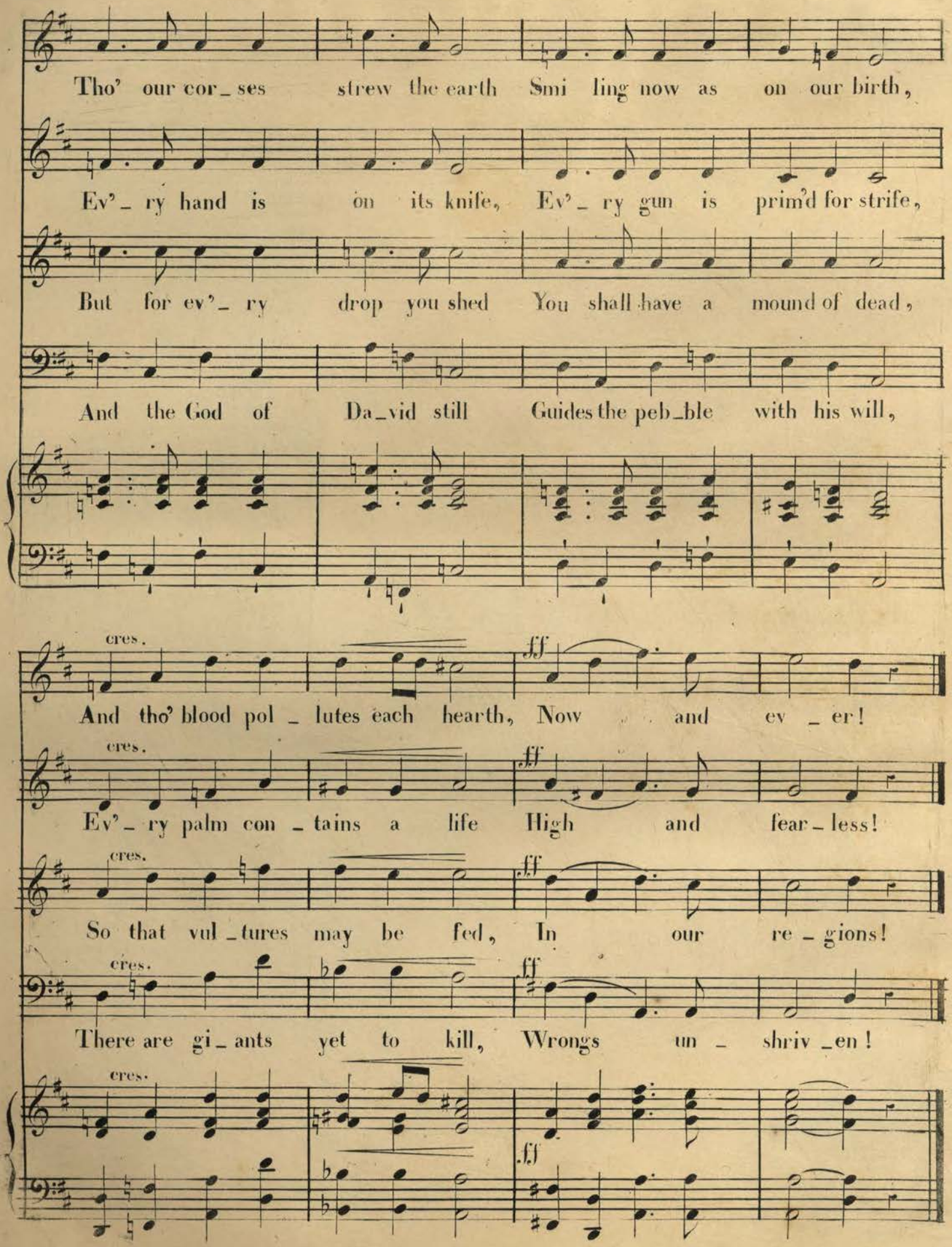
5

But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the Judge of right and wrong
Sits in Heaven
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble with His will,
There are giants yet to kill,
Wrongs unshriven!

CHANT OF DEFIANCE.

QUARTETTE.

Vigoroso.
SOPRANO.
You can nev_er win us back; Nev_er! nev_er!
ALTO.
We have ris_en to a man; Stern and fearless!
TENOR.
We may fall be_fore the fire Of your legions,
BASS.
But the bat_tle to the strong Is not giv_en,
PIANO.
Tho' we per_ish in the track Of your en_deav_or;
Of your cur_ses, of your ban, We are care_less,
Paid with gold for mur'rous hire, Bought al_legiance;
While the Judge of Right and Wrong Sits in Heav_en.


Tho' our cor_ses strew the earth Smi ling now as on our birth,
Ev'_ry hand is on its knife, Ev'_ry gun is prim'd for strife,
But for ev'_ry drop you shed You shall have a mound of dead,
And the God of Da_vid still Guides the peb_ble with his will,
cres.
ff
And tho' blood pol _ lutes each hearth, Now and ev _ er!
Ev'_ry palm con _ tains a life High and fear_less!
So that vul _tures may be fed, In our re _ gions!
There are gi_ants yet to kill, Wrongs un _ shriv _en!